

Your Wife, your Sonne: These Senators, the Nobles,  
And you, will rather shew our generall Lowts,  
How you can frowne, then spend a fawne vpon 'em,  
For the inheritance of their loues, and safegard  
Of what that want might ruine.

*Menen.* Noble Lady,

Come goe with vs, speake faire: you may saue so,  
Not what is dangerous present, but the losse  
Of what is past.

*Volam.* I pry thee now, my Sonne,  
Goe to them, with this Bonnet in thy hand,  
And thus faire hauing stretcht it (here be with them)  
Thy Knee bussing the stones: for in such businesse  
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th'ignorant  
More learned then the eares, wauing thy head,  
Which often thus correcting thy stout heart,  
Now humble as the ripest Mulberry,  
That will not hold the handling: or say to them,  
Thou art their Souldier, and being bred in broyles,  
Hast not the soft way, which thou do'st confesse  
Were fit for thee to vse, as they to clayme,  
In asking their good loues, but thou wilt frame  
Thy selfe (forsooth) hereafter theirs so farre,  
As thou hast power and person.

*Menen.* This but done,  
Euen as she speakes, why their hearts were yours:  
For they haue Pardons, being ask'd, as free,  
As words to little purpose.

*Volam.* Prythee now,  
Goe, and be rul'd: although I know thou hadst rather  
Follow thine Enemie in a fierie Gulfe,  
Then flatter him in a Bower. *Enter Cominius.*  
Here is Cominius.

*Com.* I haue benee i'th' Market place: and Sir 'tis fit  
You make strong partie, or defend your selfe  
By calmnesse, or by absence: all's in anger.

*Menen.* Onely faire speech.

*Com.* I thinke 'twill serue, if he can thereto frame his  
spirit.

*Volam.* He must, and will:  
Prythee now say you will, and goe about it.

*Corio.* Must I goe shew them my vnbar'd Sconce?  
Must I with my bafe Tongue giue to my Noble Heart  
A Lye, that it must beare well? I will doo't:  
Yet were there but this single Plot, to loose  
This Mould of *Martius*, they to dust should grinde it,  
And throw't against the Winde. Toth' Market place:  
You haue put me now to such a part, which neuer  
I shall discharge toth' Life.

*Com.* Come, come, wee'le prompt you.

*Volam.* I prythee now sweet Son, as thou hast said  
My praises made thee first a Souldier; so  
To haue my praise for this, performe a part  
Thou hast not done before.

*Corio.* Well, I must doo't:

Away my disposition, and possesse me  
Some Harlots spirit: My throat of Warre be turn'd,  
Which quier'd with my Drumme into a Pipe,  
Small as an Eunuch, or the Virgin voyce  
That Babies lull a-sleepe: The smiles of Knaues  
Tent in my cheekes, and Schoole-boyes Teares take vp  
The Glasses of my sight: A Beggars Tongue  
Make motion through my Lips, and my Arm'd knees  
Who bow'd but in my Stirrop, bend like his  
That hath receiu'd an Almes. I will not doo't,  
Least I surcease to honor mine owne truth.

And by my Bodies action, teach my Minde  
A most inherent Bafenesse.

*Volam.* At thy choice then:

To begge of thee, it is my more dishonor,  
Then thou of them. Come all to ruine, let  
Thy Mother rather feele thy Pride, then feare  
Thy dangerous Stoutnesse: for I mocke at death  
With as bigge heart as thou. Do as thou list,  
Thy Valiantnesse was mine, thou suck'st it from me:  
But owe thy Pride thy selfe.

*Corio.* Pray be content:

Mother, I am going to the Market place:  
Chide me no more. Ile Mountebanke their Loues,  
Cogge their Hearts from them, and come home belou'd  
Of all the Trades in Rome. Look, I am going:  
Commend me to my Wife, Ile returne Consull,  
Or neuer trust to what my Tongue can do  
I'th way of Flattery further.

*Volam.* Do your will.

*Com.* Away, the Tribunes do attend you: arm your selfe  
To answer mildly: for they are prepar'd  
With Accusations, as I heare more strong  
Then are vpon you yet.

*Corio.* The word is, Mildely. Pray you let vs go,  
Let them accuse me by inuention: I  
Will answer in mine Honor.

*Menen.* I, but mildly.

*Corio.* Well mildly be it then, Mildely. *Exeunt*

*Enter Sicinius and Brutus.*  
*Brut.* In this point charge him home, that he affects  
Tyrannicall power: if he euade vs there,  
Inforce him with his enuy to the people,  
And that the Spoile goe on the *Aurians*  
Was ne're distributed. What, will he come?

*Enter an Edile.*

*Edile.* Hee's comming.

*Brut.* How accompanied?

*Edile.* With old *Menenius*, and those Senators

That alwayes fauour'd him.

*Sicinius.* Haue you a Catalogue

Of all the Voices that we haue procur'd, ser'd downe by th' *(Pole?)*

*Edile.* I haue: 'tis ready.

*Sicinius.* Haue you collected them by Tribes?

*Edile.* I haue.

*Sicinius.* Assemble presently the people hither:

And when they heare me say, it shall be so,

I'th' right and strength a'th' *Commons*: be it either

For death, for fine, or Banishment, then let them

If I say Fine, cry Fine; if Death, cry Death,

Insisting on the olde prerogatiue

And power i'th' Truth a'th' Cause.

*Edile.* I shall informe them.

*Brut.* And when such time they haue begun to cry,

Let them not cease, but with a dinne confus'd

Inforce the present Execution

Of what we chance to Sentence.

*Edile.* Very well.

*Sicinius.* Make them be strong, and ready for this hint

When we shall hap to giu'them.

*Brut.* Go about it.

Put him to Choller straight, he hath bene vs'd

Euer to conquer, and to haue his worth

Of contradiction. Being once chaf'd, he cannot

Be rein'd againe to Temperance, then he speaks *What's*

What's in his heart, and that is there which lookes  
With vs to breake his necke.

*Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with others.*

*Sicinius.* Well, heere he comes.

*Menen.* Calmely, I do beseech you.

*Corio.* I, as an Hostler, that fourth poorest peece

Will beare the Knaue by th' Volume:

Th'honor'd Goddess

Keepe Rome in safety, and the Chaires of Iustice

Supplied with worthy men, plant loue amongs

Through our large Temples with y<sup>e</sup> shewes of peace

And not our streets with Warre.

*I Sen.* Amen, Amen.

*Menen.* A Noble wish.

*Enter the Edile with the Plebeians.*

*Sicinius.* Draw neere ye people.

*Edile.* List to your Tribunes. Audience:

Peace I say.

*Corio.* First heere me speake.

*Both Tri.* Well, say: Peace hee.

*Corio.* Shall I be charg'd no further then this present?

Must all determine heere?

*Sicinius.* I do demand,

If you submit you to the peoples voices.

Allow their Officers, and are content

To suffer lawfull Censure for such faults

As shall be prou'd vpon you.

*Corio.* I am Content.

*Menen.* Lo Citizens, he sayes he is Content.

The warlike Seruice he ha's done, consider: Thinke

Vpon the wounds his body beares, which shew

Like Graues i'th' holy Church-yard.

*Corio.* Scratches with Briars, scarres to moue

Laughter onely.

*Menen.* Consider further:

That when he speaks not like a Citizen,

You finde him like a Soldier: do not take

His rougher Actions for malicious sounds:

But as I say, such as become a Soldier,

Rather then enuy you.

*Com.* Well, well, no more.

*Corio.* What is the matter,

That being past for Consull with full voyce:

I am so dishonour'd, that the very houre

You take it off againe.

*Sicinius.* Answer to vs.

*Corio.* Say then: 'tis true, I ought so

*Sicinius.* We charge you, that you haue contriu'd to take

From Rome all season'd Office, and to winde

Your selfe into a power tyrannicall,

For which you are a Traitor to the people.

*Corio.* How? Traytor?

*Menen.* Nay temperately: your promise.

*Corio.* The fires i'th' lowest hell. Fould in the people:

Call me their Traitor, thou iniurious Tribune.

Within thine eyes fate twenty thousand deaths

In thy hands clutch: as many Millions in

Thy lying tongue, both numbers. I would say

Thou'lyest vnto thee, with a voice as free,

As I do pray the Gods.

*Sicinius.* Marke you this people?

*All.* To th' Rocks, to th' Rocks with him.

*Sicinius.* Peace:

We neede not put new matter to his charge:

What you haue seene him do, and heard him speake:

Beating your Officers, cursing your selues,  
Opposing Lawes with strokes, and heere defying  
Those whose great power must try him.  
Euen this so criminall, and in such capitall kinde  
Deserues th'extremest death.

*Brut.* But since he hath seru'd well for Rome.

*Corio.* What do you prate of Seruice.

*Brut.* I talke of that, that know it.

*Corio.* You?

*Menen.* Is this the promise that you made your mother.

*Com.* Know, I pray you.

*Corio.* Ile know no further:

Let them pronounce the steepe Tarpeian death,

Vagabond exile, Fleaing, pent to linger

But with a graine a day, I would not buy

Their mercie, at the price of one faire word,

Nor checke my Courage for what they can giue,

To haue't with saying, Good morrow.

*Sicinius.* For that he ha's

(As much as in him lies) from time to time

Enui'd against the people; seeking meanes

To plucke away their power: as now at last,

Given Hostile strokes, and that not in the presence

Of dreaded Iustice, but on the Ministers

That doth distribute it. In the name a'th' people,

And in the power of vs the Tribunes, wee

(Euen from this instant) banish him our Citie

In perill of precipitation

From off the Rocks Tarpeian, neuer more

To enter our Rome gates. I'th' Peoples name,

I say it shall bee so.

*All.* It shall be so, it shall be so: let him away:

Hee's banish'd, and it shall be so.

*Com.* Heare me my Masters, and my common friends.

*Sicinius.* He's sentenc'd: No more hearing.

*Com.* Let me speake:

I haue bene Consull, and can shew from Rome

Her Enemies markes vpon me. I do loue

My Countries good, with a respect more tender,

More holy, and profound, then mine owne life,

My deere Wiues estimate, her wombes encrease,

And treasure of my Loynes: then if I would

Speake that.

*Sicinius.* We know your drift. Speake what?

*Brut.* There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd

As Enemy to the people, and his Countrey.

It shall bee so.

*All.* It shall be so, it shall be so.

*Corio.* You common cry of Curs, whose breath I hate,

As reeke a'th' rotten Fennes: whose Loues I prize,

As the dead Carcasses of vnburied men,

That do corrupt my Ayre: I banish you,

And heere remaine with your vncertaintie.

Let every feeble Rumor shake your hearts:

Your Enemies, with nodding of their Plumes

Fan you into dispaire: Haue the power still

To banish your Defenders, till at length

Your ignorance (which findes not till it feelles,

Making but reseruatiue of your selues,

Still your owne Foes) deliuer you

As most abated Captiues, to some Nation

That wonne you without blowes, despising

For you the City. Thus I turne my backe;

There is a world elsewhere.

*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, with C.*

*They all shout, and throw up their Caps.*

*Edile*